

NEW YORKISMS.

From our own Correspondent.

NEW YORK, July 13, 1885. If one can make up his mind to bear the crowd with the patience of a practical philosopher, a walk down the Bowery of a Saturday night is not without its significance. The jam, indeed, is not confined to the Bowery, but commences a little below Cooper Institute, and only begins to slacken off towards Sweeney's Hotel, within two blocks of the Sun office. Between these terminal ebbs and flows the tide of working people's intent on spending, in as short a space of time as well as can be, all the money they have received an hour or two previous. The sidewalks are brighter than Broadway even is at night, for calcium lights flare out unexpectedly at every turn, and various patent reflectors give to the shop-windows an alluring radiance, beneath which the pursy strings seem to open of their own accord. The Third and the Fourth Avenue cars alternately passing and repassing, keep up an interminable jingle, and are eternally crowded both in their upward and downward trips. Crowds are surging around the innumerable drinking-saloons which line the length of those converging avenues, and sweltering masses are pouring into Tony Pastor's Opera house, a dirty, greasy, ill-smelling, but extremely popular resort. Mothers with barefooted children are hurrying into cheap shoe stores, and clerks who ape their betters and sun themselves in the parks of a Sunday, hang around fifth-rate gentlemen's furnishing stores where everything is sold at a bargain and below cost! As you proceed lower down, you become sensible of a more complex entanglement in this Bowery skein of life, and when a row of tall white pillars, seen from afar by aid of the extensive gas lights behind them, looms up before you, a sort of peanut magnetism informs you that you are in the immediate vicinity of the notorious Bowery Theatre, where Miss Fanny Herring is thrilling and four tiers with her protean susceptibilities in *Fast Women of Modern Times*. The front of the theatre is hung with melodramatic transparencies representing virtue and vice in different stages of triumph and discomfiture, and from a wide saloon on the northern side of the theatre, roll mingled aspirations of tobacco and lager-beer. This saloon is the Atlantic Garden, and there the crowd is thickest from sunset until midnight.

Imagine a hall as large as your National Hall in Market street, though not by any means so lofty, with a dais ascended by half a dozen steps at the furthest end, and a gallery over the doors of entrance. These doors are approached by a sort of low square vestibule, which answers for a bar and restaurant for those who do not care to take longer draughts of enjoyment inside. Over the vestibule, on a line with the gallery just mentioned, extends a dining-room, where refreshments can be ordered more composite in nature than those attainable in the great saloon. Imagine this vast hall rudely frescoed in crimson and gold, planted with immovable benches and tables, painted red, and hung with chandeliers, each showering light from sixteen glass-globed burners. Each table is capable of accommodating six guests. In the centre of the south side, the "garden" stands the bar, over which is ranged the orchestra. Immediately opposite these, in the centre of the north side, is a small square alcove, in which a fountain, some bird-cages, and unhealthy foliage, are grouped together, as the synecdoche of the word "garden." The figure of speech is helped by an occasional suspension of bird cages throughout the rest of the hall, although they might as well be empty for any songs that issue from them. But perhaps the canaries, brought up from infancy in an atmosphere of Limburger and Weiss beer, grown old before their time, have learnt in suffering what they refuse to teach in song, and are caw and callous at once.

Almost every table is full, and of a Saturday night there is difficulty in obtaining a seat. The orchestra leaves little time for the buzz of chaff and chatter to be heard. The tunes, all of them popular, follow one another quickly, and when the orchestra is not playing a wincey old instrument, called an orchestron, lifts up its voice in vain. Evidently this orchestron has tuberculosis, for it spits and coughs all through its scarcely audible performances, to the great admiration of the public, who regard the effort much as they would that of a favorite artist, who contagiously insists upon slugging notwithstanding his cold. Few people come in alone. Men enter in groups of two and three, and very few women enter unattended. At rare intervals a woman alone, not ill-dressed, but with a sufficiently assured air to indicate she knows perfectly well what she is about, quietly takes a prominent seat, and sucks her cigar punch up through a straw. The mass of the men are laborers, who will spend the morning at Harlem or Hoboken, and the mass of the women are laborers' wives, with haggard countenances and scrawny babies. It is dismal to see these weary-looking females, their hair uncombed, their persons uncleanly and unadorned, their dresses unbuttoned, dragging and slatternly, it is dismal to behold these hard-featured women gulp down beer, and then hold the half-empty glasses to the lips of their bow-legged babies. That dissipated looking two-year old, who is looking at me so cheerily, has swallowed his head in time to the music, has swallowed one glass of lager already, and is hankering after another. When the mothers don't have any babies they distribute their attention between pet parrots and pet dogs. One wretched-looking drab, soon after being seated opened the bosom of her shabby dress, and taking out a parrot, green-and-crimson as an autumn leaf, fed it on pretzels, and bought a sponge cake for it labelled "Sarah." Another—it must have been the same I watched at Hoboken—fed her terrier on the ice-cream she left, and gave him half a glass of beer to wash it down with. The orchestra is principally remarkable for the amount of drum intervals, and the fact that the conductor, with his hundred hands, would have made a good waiter here, for the supply of waiters is not at all in proportion to the demand. That eight fingers and two thumbs should be capable of bearing twenty glasses, without spilling a very material quantity of their contents, is a miracle enough; and if August, which seems as promiscuous a Christian name in German as John is in English, sometimes forgets whether you ordered a half-schoepen or a full one, he is to be forgiven in having erred on the right side in bringing you a tall glass of the amber exhilarant.

The class of people here is very different from that at Broadway Pavilion. Here are more coarse and fewer effeminate faces; there is more even diffusion of hearty sensual enjoyment, and a less display of stunning apparel and chameleon neckties. The people are grosser and perhaps better, in the sense that gross vice is less alluring than debauchery clad in refinement. Fewer heavy men with tantalizing diamonds arrive, and budding thieves are not so sleek and smart-looking as in the smaller and more exclusive saloon. A row would be the easiest thing in the world to originate, and a single word or gesture of disapprobation is often enough to attract the atten-

tion of roughs who are on the watch for just such an occasion. Meanwhile the hands of the clock are on the quarter to twelve; the weary workers drag their feet after them; the women who have been alternately feeding their babies from their bosoms and from their beer, gather their tag-rag shawls about them, and walk off; very soon the bar will be boarded up and padlocked in submission to the excise law, and Saturday night at Atlantic Garden will be over for another week.

As for other amusements, much that is new is spoken of, though little that is new is occurring at present. A fifty-cent "promenade sacred concert" was given last night at Tammany Hall. I was not there, but a careful examination of the programme failed to impress me with the sacred character of the entertainment. Miss Fanny Herring's new opera, "Fiesco, or Heaven," there was, to be sure, a religious quickstep from the oratorio of "Crispino e Comare," a pious can-can from the pasty of the sainted "Grand Duchess," and a holy waltz sacred to the memory of "La Belle Helena." Even the ornaments were sanctified; for those used by the Democratic Convention remained intact!

The *White Pawn* was played for the one hundred and eightieth and last time on Saturday night. Mr. Wheatley's far-well benefit has been postponed until August 31. To-night Mr. Estlin's recommendation of Opera "Bonnie, at Nihil's, with *Burbe Blue*, and *Madrigal*. Max Strakosch sailed for Europe on Saturday to arrange for La Grange's next season. *Madrigal* will be produced at the New York Theatre, August 3. Amongst the new hires among those employed; and I believe this is all the amusement news at present.

COLOGNE.

Its Magnificent Cathedral—Its Odors, Good and Bad.

From our own Correspondent. COLOGNE, June 29, 1885—I am satisfied that I have at last encountered the place where those who have sinned in this world receive their primary punishment. If you will take the trouble to look on the map you will find that it is on the Rhine and has a Cathedral, which are its only recommendations. You may spell it Koln, or Koln, or Coeln, or Cologne, or in almost any other manner without being incorrect; but if you do anything else correct while you are here, your experience will be unlike that of all others, who have been so unfortunate as to make it even a temporary stopping place. Arriving from Brussels, after a weary, dusty, and disagreeable ride of seven hours, the traveller is immediately besieged by custom-house officers, guides, hackmen, hotel-keepers, porters, and vendors of the "only true original Farina Cologne Water," all speaking a language of which his knowledge, probably, extends like wine, in such limited lines as "Zwei Lager" and "Limburger Kase." He is shown to his room by an exceedingly polite attendant, who takes the opportunity to leave him four boxes of Cologne Water and a very interesting pamphlet. In Dutch, of a lawsuit between and among four Jean Maria Farina's, who were, without exception, all the original Jean's, and manu secured and sold the only original Cologne. I thought, perhaps, the readiest manner to evade all further importunities on this point was to buy a box, I did so for a lot of dirty stuff called "groscien, smothering in the aggregate to—well, to consider, precisely how much, I defy any man to say. But you will find that you can't rid yourself of these people in that way. You must buy Cologne, buy of everybody and at all times. You are obliged to believe that the last man you meet is the only original Jean Maria Farina, and you only refuse to return to the hotel, lock the door, and remain insensible to the muttering of voices and rattling of bottles outside. If it were possible for a traveller to escape the Cologne nuisance, he cannot evade the ever restless vigilance of his five hundred and seventy-two couriers, whose single mission on earth is to show him the Cathedral. It cannot, however, be denied that the Cathedral is well worth a visit. It is really, even in its present unfinished state, the largest and best specimen of pure Gothic in the world. Approaching Cologne from any direction, it is the first object that strikes the eye, and the remembrance of it the only pleasant souvenir. Commenced about the middle of the thirteenth century, a hundred years to come will scarcely see it finished. The legend says that Conrad of Hohenstaufen, then Archbishop of Cologne, selected the architect, who, being unable to sketch a plan of sufficient size and sublimity of style, splendor, and ornament, unaided, called the assistance of the devil (who, by-the-way, seems, if we believe tradition, to have been instrumental in building most of the ancient churches of Europe as he is now in peopling them), the compact being, as usual, the soul of the architect. The work was commenced and the Bishop ordered that the master's name should be engraved on a frozen plate and wallied in. But the master refused to keep his contract, and was absolved from its conditions by the pious Bishop. The Devil, upon his part, determined that the Cathedral should never be completed. Shortly after the master died, and the same night the tablet containing his name disappeared, and the Cathedral remains unfinished.

Some portions of it are so good that it is almost impossible to distinguish the carved figures, and by the time the new portion is completed, the old will need restoring. The streets of the city are dirty, eke, and narrow, and the buildings high, dingy, cramped, and old; the beds are too short at both ends; the victuals are principally oil and cucumbers, and it takes a wheelbarrow load of money to make a dollar's worth of food. If you wish to visit the most available way is to read its legends, buy a photograph of the Cathedral and a guide-book, and stay at home.

UNIVERSAL AMNESTY.

Views of Gov. Bramlette, of Kentucky.

LOUISVILLE, June 11, 1885. DEAR SIR: I received your most excellent speech, and congratulate you upon your very able and unanswerable vindication of right principles and your destructive onslaught upon the ruinous radicalism of reconstruction. I am proud to acknowledge you as a Kentucky Senator, worthy of our State. My sincere thanks for the complimentary terms in which you refer to the "late Governor" of our State. Though I was for a time bitterly assailed for the policy inaugurated by me, and paroled all soldiers of either army who were indicted for acts committed by them while in the service of war, yet I have the gratification of knowing that in now a more universally commended, even by those who at the time opposed it. It was my earnest and thorough conviction, and I believe that of a general condonation of all war grievances, public and private, should immediately follow the termination of the civil war. Universal amnesty, with no exceptions whatever, was the policy I advocated, and our experience in Kentucky fully attests the correctness of the principle. We have now in Kentucky better and kinder relations among our people than exist in any State North or South of us, and it is attributable to the policy inaugurated by me, and carried out by the Legislature upon my urgent recommendation. Had the same policy been adopted by the Federal authorities, the present dangerous condition would have been averted, and this day, instead of having an oppressed, down-trodden and ruined people, we should have a united, most prosperous and happy nation on earth.

AMERICAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

Of Philadelphia

S. E. Corner Fourth and Walnut Streets.

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OBSERVE—A half teaspoonful of Holloway's Ginger is stronger and more effective than a full teaspoonful of any other in the market.

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All prices guaranteed lower than the lowest elsewhere, and full satisfaction guaranteed every purchaser, or the sale cancelled and money refunded.

Buyers between North and South streets, J. BENNETT & CO., No. 515 MARKET ST., PHILADELPHIA, AND NO. 60 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

WANTED—Two Boys to a tip, and one to count and pack. Apply at Cigar Store, No. 42.

This "advertiser" as such as one that would bring any number of applicants, even if it included every body as well as boys; for who would not be glad of a chance where "no would get" "stripping" such was there as this? and instead of "two boys wanted to strip," any number of men and boys could be had for that purpose, on the very smallest of wages. The next best thing, however, is to always wear the new this Summer Clothing sold at CHAS. STOKES & CO.'s, under the Continental.

JEWELRY.—Mr. William W. Casady, No. 12 South Second street, has the largest and most attractive assortment of fine jewelry and silverware in the city. Purchasers can rely upon obtaining a real, pure article furnished at a price which cannot be equalled. He also has a large stock of American watches in all varieties and at all prices. A visit to his store is sure to result in pleasure and profit.

FINE CUSTOM MADE BOOTS AND SHOES for Gentlemen, Bartlett, No. 33 South Sixth street, above Chestnut.

MORQUITO NETS and Canopies, at PATTEN'S, No. 143 Chestnut street.

LACE Curtains and Window Shades, at PATTEN'S, No. 143 Chestnut street.

OLD Mattresses made over at PATTEN'S, No. 143 Chestnut street.

UPHOLSTERING prices are reduced at PATTEN'S, No. 143 Chestnut street.

NEW CARPETS made up and old ones laid, at PATTEN'S, No. 143 Chestnut street.

GROVER & BAKER'S Highest Premium Sewing Machines, No. 726 Chestnut street.

If you wish for fine reading matter, pay a visit to No. 107 S. Third street, you can there procure from a large and varied stock of American pictures, magazines, news journals, fashion plates, semi-monthly and weekly papers, and all other publications and works will be found upon the shelves. Mr. Trewhitt, the proprietor, has effected an arrangement whereby he furnishes his patrons with the New York journals several hours before the regular mails arrive.

OUR STOCK of Spring Clothing is decidedly the choicest and best. People who believe that they must buy their clothes at a distance, and who are weary of the long and disagreeable ride of seven hours, the traveller is immediately besieged by custom-house officers, guides, hackmen, hotel-keepers, porters, and vendors of the "only true original Farina Cologne Water," all speaking a language of which his knowledge, probably, extends like wine, in such limited lines as "Zwei Lager" and "Limburger Kase." He is shown to his room by an exceedingly polite attendant, who takes the opportunity to leave him four boxes of Cologne Water and a very interesting pamphlet. In Dutch, of a lawsuit between and among four Jean Maria Farina's, who were, without exception, all the original Jean's, and manu secured and sold the only original Cologne. I thought, perhaps, the readiest manner to evade all further importunities on this point was to buy a box, I did so for a lot of dirty stuff called "groscien, smothering in the aggregate to—well, to consider, precisely how much, I defy any man to say. But you will find that you can't rid yourself of these people in that way. You must buy Cologne, buy of everybody and at all times. You are obliged to believe that the last man you meet is the only original Jean Maria Farina, and you only refuse to return to the hotel, lock the door, and remain insensible to the muttering of voices and rattling of bottles outside. If it were possible for a traveller to escape the Cologne nuisance, he cannot evade the ever restless vigilance of his five hundred and seventy-two couriers, whose single mission on earth is to show him the Cathedral. It cannot, however, be denied that the Cathedral is well worth a visit. It is really, even in its present unfinished state, the largest and best specimen of pure Gothic in the world. Approaching Cologne from any direction, it is the first object that strikes the eye, and the remembrance of it the only pleasant souvenir. Commenced about the middle of the thirteenth century, a hundred years to come will scarcely see it finished. The legend says that Conrad of Hohenstaufen, then Archbishop of Cologne, selected the architect, who, being unable to sketch a plan of sufficient size and sublimity of style, splendor, and ornament, unaided, called the assistance of the devil (who, by-the-way, seems, if we believe tradition, to have been instrumental in building most of the ancient churches of Europe as he is now in peopling them), the compact being, as usual, the soul of the architect. The work was commenced and the Bishop ordered that the master's name should be engraved on a frozen plate and wallied in. But the master refused to keep his contract, and was absolved from its conditions by the pious Bishop. The Devil, upon his part, determined that the Cathedral should never be completed. Shortly after the master died, and the same night the tablet containing his name disappeared, and the Cathedral remains unfinished.

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OUR PAIRS are 25 per cent below other houses producing same goods. WANAMAKER & BROWN, The Largest Clothing House, OAK HALL, The corner of Sixth and Market streets.

MARRIED.—On the 10th of July, by the Rev. William C. Moore, M. HARRY S. DAILEY to Miss LATHA B. PEPPER, both of Downingtown, formerly of Philadelphia.

GRACEY—On the 10th of July, by the Rev. William C. Moore, M. HARRY S. DAILEY to Miss LATHA B. PEPPER, both of Downingtown, formerly of Philadelphia.

DIED.—On the 12th instant, CATHARINE, wife of Patrick Casady, aged 75 years. The relatives and friends are respectfully invited to attend the funeral, from the residence of her husband, No. 318 Federal street, on Wednesday morning at 9 o'clock.

CHUBB.—On the 12th instant, SAMUEL CHUBB, in the 64th year of his age. The relatives and friends are respectfully invited to attend the funeral, from the residence of his wife, No. 1118 Chestnut street, on Thursday afternoon at 3 o'clock. Funeral services to be held in the Eleventh Street M. E. Church, interment in the ground adjoining.

DE GROOT.—On the 12th instant, Mrs. SUSAN DE GROOT, widow of the late Captain James De Groot, in the 75th year of her age. The relatives and friends are invited to attend the funeral, from the residence of her son, James De Groot, No. 938 E. Eighth street, on Friday afternoon at 3 o'clock. Interment at St. Paul's M. E. Church.

HES.—On the evening of the 10th instant, ELIZABETH HESS, beloved wife of Eliza M. Hess, aged 55 years. The relatives and friends of the family are respectfully invited to attend the funeral, from the residence of her husband, No. 199 Germantown avenue, on Wednesday afternoon, the 15th instant, at 3 o'clock P. M. To proceed to Levenson Cemetery, Roxborough.

KESTER.—On the 12th instant, ELEANOR B. KESTER, widow of the late John W. Kester. The relatives and friends of the family are respectfully invited to attend the funeral, from the residence of her brother-in-law, William Ellis, No. 254 Federal street, on Thursday, the 16th instant, at 4 o'clock P. M.

NIXON.—On the 12th instant, CORA, daughter of William H. and Clara E. Nixon, aged 7 months and 12 days. The relatives and friends are respectfully invited to attend the funeral, from her father's residence, No. 856 N. Sixth street, on Wednesday, the 15th instant, at 2 o'clock. To proceed to Levenson Cemetery, Roxborough.

WEST.—On the morning of the 14th instant, CORINA M., only child of James M. and Annie J. West, aged 6 months and 2 days.

AMERICAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

Of Philadelphia

S. E. Corner Fourth and Walnut Streets.

UNIVERSAL AMNESTY.

Views of Gov. Bramlette, of Kentucky.

FINANCIAL.

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These Bonds are secured by mortgage on the following Real Estate belonging to the Company, namely, the main line from Philadelphia, New Jersey, through March Chunk to Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania, 101 miles; the Beaver Meadow branch, 17 1/2 miles; and the Lehigh and Mahanoy branch, 42 1/2 miles, making a total of 161 miles of road, including 78 miles double-track, equal with sidings, to 309 miles of single track together with all lands, bridges, work-shops, machinery, depots, engine houses, and buildings thereto belonging, and all rolling stock, tools, implements, and materials belonging to this Company, in use on the said Railroads.

This mortgage is a first lien on all of the above tracts, except 46 miles, from Easton to March Chunk, in which it is preceded by a mortgage for \$1,500,000 due in 1874, the Bonds of which are exchanging, as last as presented, for the present issues; those not presented until maturity are to be paid out of the present loan, making it a first mortgage on the above-mentioned property.

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